

TRUTH,

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

POEM.

Address'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM Lord HARRINGTON.

By E----. Boyd.

*Whate'er the Subject, Satire, Love, or Praise,
Truth only gives a Sanction to the Lays.*

Manners Decypher'd, J. Meredith.

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by the Author, at the new Pamphlet Shop over-against the Crooked-
Billet in Leicester-Street, near Burlington-Gardens. M DCC XL



ADVERTISEMENT.

WE hereby beg Leave to acquaint the Curious, that we shall very shortly amuse the Town with a new Monthly Pamphlet, Entitl'd the *SNAIL*, which like the *Tatlers*, of the celebrated Mr. *STEELE*, sticking close to plain Sense, and sage Morality, leave News and Politics to wiser Heads; the former being usually so stult with dull Repetitions, and tedious Lies, and the latter so perpetually cramm'd with false Glosses, Impertinence and Vanity, that they generally seem more tiresome then Entertaining to a judicious Reader; whereas the *slow sure Snail*, pretends to nothing more than downright Honesty, justly endeav'ring to reform the growing Licentiousness of a depraved Age, in as modest a Manner, as shall by correct Judges be thought proper to curb its reigning Vices.

Truth, Novelty, and Variety, being design'd our constant Topic's, from which as far as we are capable, we shall take all possible Care never to recede, humbly presuming that amongst the Croud of vain, pert Scriblers, the worthless weak Essay, of a meer Woman may probably succeed.

PROPOSALS.

The above-nam'd Pamphlet, *viz.* the *Snail*, to be printed on a fair Letter, and good Paper as this Specimen, in a neat *Octavo*, to contain the Substance of four Half Sheet, Weekly Papers, in which it was at first propos'd to be published. The said Pamphlet to be published at Six-pence *per* Number, the first Number to be ready to be deliver'd to the Subscribers against *Christmas* next.

No Money to be taken till the Delivery of the first Number, for which Reason the Subscribers are desired to send in their Names and Places of Abode as soon as possible, to the Author in *Leicester-street*, as aforesaid.

N. B. Whoever subscribes for six Books, to have a seventh *gratis*.

Pamphlets and Stationary &c. sold by the Author, who humbly hopes that those of her Subscribers who are not already engaged, will be so good as to be her Customers, whom all possible Care shall be taken to oblige.



TRUTH POEM.



WAKE Vocal Shell, awake melodious Muse,
And for thy Theme the noblest Topic chuse,
Strict Virtue rouse the long neglected Lyre,
And nervous Truth the solemn Sounds inspire.
Truth's bold as * *Zorobabel* delgn'd to sing,
To soft Soul'd *Persia's* flatter'd Idol King.
Devoted to her Charms the Youth eludes
His Lord's Applause, and Truth perforce intrudes;
Even in his Juv'nile Cup's prefers her Praise,
And with meer simple Truth, learn'd Court's dismays.

* *Zorobabel* to *Darius* the *Persian*, *Esdras* the 1st and 3d Chap.]

SO in past Years, the rev'rend Druid sung
 The Triumphs of the Fair, the Gay, the Young;
 But with sad Truths, oft clos'd the sprightly Scene,
 Truth will be heard maugre the Statesman's Spleen.
 An ancient Tale I once could well recite,
 Seems justly to distinguish Wrong from Right;
 In boldest Truths the boldest Facts relate,
 Belpatt'ring nought of solemn Good or Great;
 Truth still its Guardian Truth its sure Defence
 Unprejudic'd receive it. This the Sense.

In Days of *Tore*, when good *Olympius* sway'd,
Utopia's Realm, and all as one obey'd,
 When honest Senators, unskill'd in Fraud;
 By Love united, and by Virtue aw'd,
 Unbrib'd, unbiass'd by the factious Brood,
 Who're rarely studious of the public Good;
 Dauntless survey'd each giddy Change of Fate,
 Steady, and undismay'd, in every State.

NO artful Minion, then his Lord betray'd,
 None taught his Nation's Foe how to invade,
 Th' unbearded Soldier to Experience bow'd,
 And Honour was the Idol of the Croud;
 The worthy General bar'd each loyal Scar,
 Nor was displac'd by any private Jar,
 The aged Admiral was rever'd and hail'd,
 And *Albion's* Flag o'er boasting World's prevail'd;
 Elections then were uncorrupt, and just,
 When the staunch Member stood the boldest Test,
 Divided Parliaments, were Things unknown,
 Those Hurricanes that shake the firmest Throne,
 The purple Robe unstain'd by secret Fee,
 No Party Feuds dwindle'd to Anarchy;
 Th' empower'd Noble never swerv'd from Right,
 Warrior the reigning Prince or Anchorite;
 No Regicide, determin'd *Cæsar's* Doom,
 Lawlessly Great, and dizzy with the Fume;
 No dear bought Peace, inhumane Wars precede,
 No dire Mistakes, make jarring Neighbours bleed.

Union the sacred Bond of Peace and Health,
 Preserv'd the State, insur'd the Common-Wealth;
 Whilst Foreign or intestine Woes embroil,
 The circling Climes, see blest *Utopia's* Ile,
 Securely triumph, and serenely smile.

WHEN lo! a Wolf like *Ignus-Fetus* hurl's,
 Its baleful Rays, and round the Senate curls,
 In varied Shapes the nothing glides along,
 And artfully deludes the gazing Throng;
 Triumphant lords o'er City, Town and Court,
 And makes the dazl'd Cavalcade his Sport.
 Th' infatuated Council hug the Snake,
 Lethargy lull'd, nor scent the Grand Mistake
 Till late, too late, they mourn their all at Stake.
 The multiplying Wickedness grows Great,
 Falshly y'clep'd the Atlas of the State.
 From the deceitful Glare what Mischiefs rise,
 Dread of the Good, and Terror of the Wise,
 War, Rapine, all devouring Discord rules,
 And captivated Worth's, the Scorn of Fools.

HENCE every Class of Men, vain and unjust,
 Grow by Degrees unfaithful to their Trust;
 Excise with rav'ning Talon gripps the whole;
 And Tyrant like, usurps and sinks the Soul;
 Declining Commerce weeps the Comets Power,
 Whose Wealths the Orphan's Food, the Widow's Dower,
 Whilst one and all regret the Honours paid
 To the vile prostituted, empty Shade.

OBSERVE the subtle Reptile sculking creep,
 Pois'ning those Monarchies he's lull'd to sleep;
 Mankind's fell Bane, the glitt'ring Crocodile,
 Meant for undoing, Murders with a Smile;
 Thro' Bogs, thro' Fens, he drags th' unwary Slave,
 Who in wild trackless Defarts meet a Grave.

ENSNARING all contends with the fierce Ray,
 That gleam's around the glorious God of Day;

Mean Glow-worm cease, the base, the fruitless aim,
 Nor make the nerveless Enterprize, thy shame,
 See hypocritic Blaze, the Sun still glows;
 And only sets to give himself repose;
 To dawn Majestic, in superior height,
 To dart from Heavenly Orb's, Seraphic bright,
 And strike to Hell, th' infernal Mists of Night.

THE Man of Worth, distinguish'd from the Knave,
 Is still Courageous, Loyal, Wise and Brave,
 The Man who greatly Just, and justly Great,
 By glorious Actions, forms a glorious Fate;
 The Man by Gods indulg'd, the Prop of Kings,
 Whose soaring Fame, is born on *Eagles* Wings;
 The unenvy'd Statesman, who in every Sphere,
 Belov'd by all's impartially severe.
 The Man I sing, blaspheme who durst my Lays,
 Who merits endless universal Praise,
 Enraptur'd, hail, the Hero's glad return,
 Whose long lamented Absence, Nations mourn;
 STANHOPE the Good, the Gen'rous, and the Just,
 Dear to his Prince, and faithful to his Trust,
 Of Friends, of Patriots, and of Men the best.

HUSHAI the Wise, whose Councils all approve,
 Display'd with Eloquence, enforc'd by Love,
 Where silver Hairs, adorn an honest Face,
 And sage Threescore, smiles with seraphic Grace,
 Scourge of the *Sycophant*, no Party's Tool,
 Dread of the deep mask'd subtle, artful Fool,
Barzillai like, kind, duteous, firmly good,
 A second *Raphael*, see him pass the Flood,
 His Sov'reign's guardian Angel, and defence,
 Happy the Statesman, but more blest the Prince.

THE Great Good Man, struggling with Ails behold,
 Who dauntless braves stern Gouts, and nipping Cold,
 Expos'd to cruel Foes, on boist'rous Seas,
 Whilst beardless Soldiers, loll at Home at Ease;

On Quilts of Down, reclin'd in lazy Camps,
 To catch unwholesome Dews, and ceaseless Cramps,
 To tread the smooth roll'd Green, in grand Parade,
 A pompous Pageant, for the Cavalcade.

WHILST Godlike *HARRINGTON*, in Peril so Id,
 As Virtue steady, and as Honour bold,
 Unaw'd, surveys the sculking Privateer,
 Stranger to Baseness, and as new to Fear,
 Nor bulky Fleets, nor thund'ring Cannon scare;
 Tho' fraudulent *France*, with coward *Spain* unite,
 Maugre their subtle, ill-concerted spite,
 Triumphant, the victorious *Briton* glows,
 And unconcerned, quells such inglorious Foes.

THUS grinning Whelps, the regal Lion views,
 Bark at his just Decrees, his Fame abuse,
 The yelping Curs, thus undisturb'd he spurns,
 Whose rebell Rashness, dig their own sad Urns.

SOFT Muse, two noble * Youths, of Form divine:
 In whom their Sire's, heroic Virtues shine;
 Fierce as War's God, as blith *Apollo* Gay,
 Lovely as Truth, or Lights enliv'ning Ray,
 As the fair Off-spring, of the comely Steed,
 The owner's Glory, Beauty of the Mead.
 Practis'd in War, the gallant Courser's Start,
 Receive the well poiz'd Spear, or pointed Dart,
 Shielding the Rider by their dextrous Art.
 Hazarding Life, their dearer Lord preserve,
 Nor from the Rules of Honour, ever swerve.

SEE *STANHOPE*'s Glories, with his Goodness blend,
 And like Heavens Bounties to his Race extend,
 As ever flowing Springs to Pools descend,
 So Honour seems transfix'd in noble Blood,
 As Seas make Rivulets, a full stream'd Flood.

* Two noble Youths, Twin-Brothers, the only Sons of Lord Harrington.

Improving Time, still curbing Youths rash Heat,
 Render'd by Godlike Science, more compleat;
 Whose innate Beauties, blaze like beamy day,
 Pardon, my Lord, this bold, this faint Essay,
 Accept great Sire, the due of high Desert,
 Candid as Honesty, unstain'd by Art.

SOME abler Pen, grac'd with sublimer Wit,
 The Hero's Acts may possibly transmit,
 In nervous Diction to the future Age,
 And pompous glitter in the letter'd Page,
 Our weak Effort, Truth only can excuse,
 Worthy the Subject, and sincere the Muse.



F I N I S.

